

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 4.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1837.

NUMBER 52.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

13 PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
G. W. MILLETT.
TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.
One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.
Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, but prior to not being accountable for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it. Correspondents, and letters on business must be addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

[From the Washington Globe.]

DEMOCRACY.

It is not my purpose here to discuss the etymology, and strict original signification, of this important word. The thing, not the name, is the question. I employ the term in its widest sense, as now generally understood to denote a popular government, contradistinguished from monarchy, aristocracy, and any and every other form which does not recognize, or rather, is not based upon, the sovereignty of the people. This definition includes the American system of policy, which, in that sense, is, to all intents and purposes, a democracy. I know it is customary to speak of it, and justly, too, as a representative republic, with a territorial, as well as popular delegation; differing in these from a pure democracy, which is a government by the whole people, and the people alone, acting directly and immediately. The settlement of this nice point of philology, I leave to "word catchers, that live on syllables." I repeat it, that I apply the term democracy to our form and frame of government, in the sense generally understood and recognized; and that is sufficient for my purpose. In the lapse of time, through popular usage, and in common parlance, words are often deflected from the strict and original interpretation which accords with their etymology. But enough of words.

The successful effort to construct a government upon so grand a scale, and over so wide a surface, of the democratic element exclusively, without a regal capital, and aristocratic pillars, is perhaps the greatest achievement of modern times. It is so much grander than mere physical conquests and material attainments, as mind is superior to matter, the informing soul more elevated than the instrumental body. It is the greatest step, as it is, without question, the most brilliant proof, of the progress of the human mind. It should be gratifying to the honorable pride of every American, that such a temple was reserved for this continent, this country, this people. Repudiating as I do the absurd doctrine of human perfectibility, I am not one of those bear-eyed philosophers who would limit the progress of the human mind, and contract the development of political science, within the bounded field and circumscribed scope of their narrow vision. No! I deem nobler of man, and of his destiny. I think that the Deity has gifted him with a faculty of improvement, a tendency to advance, which will not be exhausted or destroyed, until his race shall have become extinct upon earth. As far as we have advanced beyond the ignorance and brutality of primitive savage life, so far, and much farther, may we be yet destined to proceed in the career of amelioration and elevation. This faculty of progressive improvement has been ably and eloquently handled by the ingenious Addison, as one of the most cogent arguments to be derived from nature in favor of the immortality of the soul. I incline more cheerfully, and cling more fondly, to those opinions which elevate and ennoble man, which dignify his nature, and exalt his destiny, than to such as tend to debase his end and being.

But, sir, instead of indulging an honorable pride, instead of being elated with a manly exultation, at the triumph I have recorded, it is with sorrow and humiliation I am constrained to admit that there are many among us to whom it is a cause of regret, if not an object of antipathy. They suffer this popular supremacy as a thing that is unavoidable, rather than cherish and enjoy it as one that is good in itself, and desirable. Let any man frequent the saloons of the opulent and the gay, and he will hear the very name of democracy sneered at, and its substance scouted as a degrading and oppressive ascendancy, which must be repugnantly submitted to while it lasts, as to a revolting yet resistless necessity. It is painful to proclaim this melancholy truth; but it is still more dangerous to conceal and disguise a fact, which should give rise to the most anxious apprehensions. The enthusiasm for liberty, the patriotic love and faith, which once distinguished this people above all others, have, in many bosoms, given place to a cold scepticism, a mocking disbelief, a suspicious distrust, or moody dissimulation. If not entirely extinct, the sacred flame of patriotism is burning with a low and flickering light in many breasts. It is only within a few years that the signs of this partial defect have become very obvious, and chiefly since the contest which I spoke of in my last, has begun to agitate and convulse the country. The low love of money, the sordid thirst for self, the *auri sacra fames*, is eating into the heart, and corroding the soul, and defiling the spirit, and polluting the mind of the nation. Interest has supplanted patriotism; sordid cravings have superseded the higher aspirations of the bosom. Men not only "calculate the value of the Union," but reckon in dol-

lars and cents, or rather in their spurious, flimsy, paper substitutes, the inappreciable worth of liberty itself. It has become a common thing to hear our free Government, under whose blessed reign we have reached a height of prosperity and greatness which has challenged the admiration and excited the envy of the world, spoken of as a mere "experiment," the result of which is at least doubtful, and its promise discouraging. It is even the fashion to despise it, and to parade this sceptical contempt as a proof of higher intellect, of a more refined taste; and what is more alarming, it is among the young and the rising generation, where, if any where, we have a right to look for confiding ardor, generous enthusiasm, and uncalculating devotion, that this melancholy spirit of doubt, this criminal incredulity, chiefly prevails. They have lost that "high democratic hope," that noble confidence in freedom and in man, without which liberty is but a name, and patriotism a mockery. I cannot say, though I confess it with a feeling of regret amounting to remorse, that I have been always able to resist the contagion of the example; that association has never tainted my own mind with this pervading evil. We are so constituted, as necessarily to sympathize with each others sentiments, and to reflect each others opinions. The pleasing idea has been even entertained, that habitual intercourse will assimilate the features, and identify, as it were, the physiognomy; which is said to be illustrated in the cases of husband and wife, of friend and friend, and of all, indeed who dwell together in love and unity. Be this fact, or only pleasing allusion, it is nevertheless true with regard to the physiognomy of the mind; the labors of feeling, and the forms of opinion. Let this be my only apology, as it is the sole palliation, for my partial backsliding from the true political faith; for my qualified adoption of heresy, which I received from those with whom I lived, by a sort of infusion, which I have long since condemned and repudiated, and for which I am resolved to atone, by a greater devotion than ever to the great principles upon which is based the fabric of American freedom.

Sir, short as has been my life, I have yet seen enough to convince me of the vital tenacity of republican institutions, as well as their tendency to promote the happiness of a nation. The crisis through which it has passed, the convulsions which have agitated it, the revolutions with which it has been menaced, have but served to test the strength, and prove the stability, of this democracy. The vessel of State has not only rode out every gale, (and some of them have been violent enough) with safety, but has actually emerged from each with a tighter hull, stronger rigging, and brighter canvass. The trial, if not yet absolutely complete, is, to use a modern phrase, in the full tide of successful experiment. Liberty now can only die by a suicidal effort—can perish, if she perish at all, but by her own hands.

The capacity of the people—I do not say of all, but of this, people—for self-government, has stood the tests and trials, probably as rude as any to which it may again be subjected. The people have generally respected their own power, as involving in their hands an awful responsibility, and have exercised it, in moderation and in justice, for the honor and advantage of all. They have almost invariably been right in their opinions, and pure in their actions. Indeed, the unerring sagacity, the far-seeing penetration, which they have manifested, have been to me matter of wonder, as well as of gratulation. I begin to be entirely persuaded that it is more safe to trust to all, than to one or to few. I begin to believe that no one mind, (or even few minds,) however it may soar above the mass in approachable altitude, is to be placed in competition with "millions of congregated spirits." Quantity here more than compensates for individual superiority. It is in this sense, and this only, that *Vox Populi vox Dei*, may be said. I am happy to acknowledge this fact, to recognize this great principle, for upon it rests all my hope of the ultimate and universal triumph of reason, knowledge and common interest, over superstition, ignorance, and selfish power. This opinion is to me a source of happiness, as well as subject of exultation; for, as I have already said, I joy in those doctrines which tend to elevate and dignify our common nature. I know that if we can inspire men with a proper sense of their own dignity and value, they will at least endeavor to act up, and to raise themselves, to the level of the idea, I know that degradation is vice, that honor and esteem are the surest incentives to high and virtuous action. The political sceptic is a being almost as miserable, and as much to be pitied, as he who has debased his soul to the brutal belief that he is akin, in nature and his destiny, to the beasts that perish. He who feels no religious awe for the spirit of man, can feel but little reverence for that immortal Being who breathed an immortal soul into this perishable body. "Religion to the gods," and piety to men, are kindred sentiments. They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is akin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not akin to God by his spirit, he is a base, ignoble creature. It destroys, likewise, magnanimity and the raising of human nature." These eloquent words of the great Lord Verulam are pregnant with truth, and replete with comfort and encouragement to those

who would fain think nobly of their fellow men; yet with becoming humility of themselves. The cold scoff of the sceptic, the bitter sneer of the cynic, the flashing levity of the worldling and the willing, vanish before such high and ennobling thoughts. Pitying his weakness, and deploring his proclivity to evil, yet worshipping the source from whence he sprang, and reverencing the end to which he is destined, let us think highly, not presumptuously, of man. To despise him were impious sacrilege to our nature, an unpardonable insult to Heaven.

If there be one whose heart the holy forms Of young imagination have kept pure, Stranger! henceforth be warned, and know that pride, Howe'er disguised in its own majesty, Is littleness; that he who feels contempt For any living thing, hath faculties Which he has never used; that thought with him Is in its infancy. The man whose eye Is ever on himself, doth look on one The least of Nature's works; one who might move Unlawful error. O! be wise thou. Instructed that true knowledge leads to love True dignity abides with him alone, Who, in the silent hour of inward thought, Can still respect and still revere himself In loneliness of heart.

One thing which has, as much as any other, persuaded me of the moral and intellectual fitness of this people for the high destinies to which they are called, is the unerring sagacity with which they judge public men, and assign to each his just, intrinsic value. What nation can boast of having had in the same space of time, in her councils, a greater number of able and patriotic statesmen? and where have such men ever received a more encouraging support and sustaining approbation? As long as they have remained faithful to the people, the people have remained faithful to them. No man has yet been irredeemably repudiated by the people, who has served them with a clear head, an honest mind, and an uncorrupted heart. He may have been misjudged and misunderstood for a moment, a cloud may have rested upon him for a time, but his eclipse has proved only transient; the injustice has been soon repaired and amply indemnified.

It is common to represent the people as a many-headed monster, of volatile feelings, discordant voices, capricious, arbitrary and ever changing beliefs. This is a mistake, which arises from confounding the educated, enlightened, industrious, religious citizens of this free country, with the ignorant mob, the inflamed populace, the dependent plebeians of the ancient Republics, whose position, whose opportunities, whose relations, in fine, were altogether different. The "ferocious democracy" of Athens, the turbulent clients, and blood-fed populace of Rome, are then to be compared with the sober, quiet, thinking, laborious people of the United States. It is not those who will cry out "Hail, King of the Jews!" to-day, and "Crucify him, crucify him!" to-morrow. It is not they who will at one moment hang with reverence upon the lips of an Aristides, and at the next, subject him to the doom of ostracism, because, forsooth, they are tired of having him called "the Just." It is not they who will now exult at the sacrifice of the half-crowned Caesar, and then hunt his destroyers like wild beasts through the streets of the devoted city. This is a false analogy, an incongruous collocation, a generalization too comprehensive.

I commiserate the men who have lost their faith in liberty, not only because their spirits must be gloomy and depressed from inward feelings, but that they occupy a false position in the Republic. Every thing which they see, hear, and feel, must be incongruous to their opinions, tastes, and predilections, and what is worse, it is a position from which they cannot escape. They may, indeed, shut their eyes, "but they cannot pluck the sun from the face of Heaven;" they may involve themselves in darkness "to be left," but they cannot prevent the glorious light of day from streaming through the universe, and pervading all things with life, joy, and beauty. With the bat and the owl, and obscure birds of evil omen, they must retire into the caverns and holes of the earth, or, if they come forth, be dazzled by the effulgence which they hate, and offended by the beams which flash upon them "intolerable light." If such men have ambition, which within its legitimate sphere, is a passion as noble as it is natural, it cannot be gratified but at the habitual expense of truth, and by the continued assumption of a hypocrisy which must be painful and galling as was the iron mask to the face of the mysterious prisoner of state. The public life of such a man must be a protracted lie. I know there are some, for I have seen them, who keep on hand two sets of opinions; the one *esoteric*, the other *exoteric*; these for the bosom, the cabinet, and the saloon; those other for the forum, the hustings, and the political arena. I know that there are men, ay, and of eminent station, whose devotion to liberty is that of the hypocrite to religion; whose popular opinions are worn as a loose disguise; whose patriotism is but a grimace, an empty show, a hollow pageant. But, sir, I know this, too; that these men cannot disguise their real thoughts, their genuine sentiments, so successfully as always to deceive, and entirely to escape detection. A devotion, to be constant and invincibly faithful, must be sincere, hearty, and natural; an act, a look, a word, perhaps, will, sooner or later, make it evident that they serve a hated master;

that they are galled by an oppressive yoke;—that they are engaged in an unwilling service. The faith which they refuse to accord to the people, is then, by a retributive justice, in turn denied to them; and they are consigned, by a righteous doom, to the shade of oblivion, or, at least, reduced to a state of political impotency, which is most humiliating to a spirit of the smallest pride.

Others again, having met with some public disappointment, or having failed to accomplish some favorite end, become soured and disgusted, and take refuge in a sort of political misanthropy, of which themselves are the victims and the suicidal instrument. Melancholy examples of this self-inflicted doom are exhibited by the men who plunged into the *quasi* treason, the perilous enterprise of nullification—I touch on this painful ground for the mere purpose of illustration; I would tread fearfully upon it, as upon red hot ashes of a scarce extinct volcano. Of these men, one by the manliness of his nature, and the generosity of his spirit, is redeeming himself in the popular estimation, yet, without deserting his friends, or proving recreant to his principles. Of another, "the head and front of this offending," you will permit me to speak with candor and magnanimity. Gifted with extraordinary kind; with a fervor of temper, an ardor of character, an enthusiasm of nature, to make those talents, cultivated by profound study, and improved by untiring application, in the highest degree available; if ever man seemed to be destined from his early youth to the most exalted place in the nation, it was this one. But alas! in an evil hour he gave ear to the voice of tempter; he suffered himself to be seduced by the demon of pride, to be urged by the spur of impatience, into perilous paths and desperate undertakings. I never catch the flashings of his promethean eye but I think of the vulture of thwarted ambition which preys upon his vitals. Fallen spirit "his form hath not yet lost all her original brightness." Gaged in the Senate—political exile in marital desolation—he recalls vividly to mind, Marius seated in solitary grandeur upon the ruins of Carthage—of all he possessed, retaining nothing but impotent ambition and unconquerable pride, to remind him of the high estate from which he fell—

"To wake the bitter memory Of what he was, what is, and what must be; Worse."

It is, believe me, more in sorrow than in anger, that I write this. I am not made to gaze upon the living monument of faded glory and grandeur in decay, without being solemnly touched by the moral sublimity of the tragic spectacle. Would that an outstretched arm might restore him to that place in the popular heart, which, I fear he has forever forfeited! Would that the veil of oblivion could be drawn over but one lustrum of his life, and the man who was once the people's pride, and the nation's hope, be restored, reinstated, redeemed, enough of "the sleepless soul that perished in its pride."

How different the fate, how much more to be coveted the destiny, of those who have not forsaken their first love, who have remained faithful to their early attachment, and adhered to their primitive creed. They have that within and without them, to support, to encourage, to reward them, in their thorny path and arduous career. They are not, as is represented by their enemies, political hypocrites, flatterers of the people, mere pretenders in their cause, whose art is to deceive, that they may betray; No, they are men who have sagacity to discern, magnanimity to appreciate, and firmness to maintain, through every event or emergency, the cause of freedom and of the people. For talents, for accomplishments, for honor, for services, they will compare with the highest and proudest of those who affect to condemn, to sneer at, and to undervalue them. It is indeed a mistake to suppose that great and lasting popular influence can be acquired, without the exertion of the highest faculties, the noblest qualities, the most laborious efforts. It is an egregious error to think that to win and captivate the people, it is necessary to sink the intellect to their supposed level; to resort to low arts and petty intrigues, to obtain their favor and applause. They who address themselves to millions, who act upon a public theatre, who live in the eye and upon the tongue of a nation, must fold their robes with dignity about them, must weigh well their words, shape their actions with care, and do or speak nothing but under an anxious sense of high responsibility. The popular task is not so vitiated, the public appetite is not so voracious, as is calumniously represented. It leans upon the noblest eloquence, it enjoys the highest poetry, it appreciates the most exalted wisdom. Why is the Bible the most popular of all books, but because, apart from its religious character, it is the most grand, the most eloquent, and the most sublime? To revert to the favorites of the people's choice, let me present as an example of this "high democratic faith," a man whose honored head has not lain very long in the tomb: I mean John Taylor, of Carolina—the profound political philosopher, whose works contain treasures of knowledge which, unfortunately, lie too deep for the superficial searcher, the plain republican farmer; whose writings and better still, whose example, redeemed the

perishing agriculture of this State, whose highest ambition was to make blades of corn grow where but one grew before; whose simple habits, patriarchal pursuits, and rural labors, always assimilate him in my mind to the elder Cato, except in the harshness and austerity which defaced the otherwise great character of the Roman censor. Shall I cite as another example one who lately went down to the grave, after a long life of honorable distinction?—the ripe scholar, the profound jurist, the able statesman, the skillful diplomatist, the polished gentleman, in short, Edward Livingston; or behold him who now occupies the more than throne-like eminence, at the head of this great Republic—the man whom the people delight to honor; eloquent, accomplished, of versatile talents and admirable temper; deeply acquainted with men, and profoundly versed in affairs; against whom his bitterest enemies have been able to allege no other fault or crime but that applied in the vague accusation of cunning, which is after all, employed here as but another word for coolness, prudence and sagacity—qualities in themselves desirable, and without which all others are given in vain. It is not pleasant to speak thus of one who yet lives, and in the highest place of power; but I could not pass by so conspicuous an instance of the fidelity and generosity with which the people protected and have exalted one who is so justly, and by so many titles, their favorite, from a storm of calumny, obloquy, and persecution, to which few men have been exposed in the same degree. The stroke of a factious Senate but impelled him in his onward course, he fell from the bar of his unrighteous judges into the arms of the people; he but rebounded to a loftier height from the blow which was levelled with intent to depress and to prostrate him for ever.

And if we go back to the records of history, shall we find that the chiefs of the popular party at all shrink by comparison with those of opposite principles and antagonist professions?—Take as examples, the Gracchi—I speak not now of the merits of their designs; though even these, modern researches in ancient annals, have contributed much to justify, or at least to palliate—courageous, eloquent, learned, accomplished at all points; who had been reared, to use the simple yet picturesque language of the old historian, rather in *lingua quam gremio*, in the language and spirit, rather in the lap and tenderness of their noble mother, the illustrious daughter of the great Scipio. Standing upon the lofty dome of St. Peter's silently gazing upon the proud yet melancholy relics of the Eternal City, spread out like a map before me; following with earnest eye the long lines of solitary aqueducts, as they traversed the once flourishing, but desolate, *Campagna*; I could not help wishing for a clarion voice, that I might arouse the slumbering people, in the spirit-stirring strain of Tiberius the tribune: "Every wild beast in this happy land, has a cover or place of retreat. But many valiant and respectable citizens, who have exposed their lives, and who have shed their blood in the service of their country, have not a home to which they may resort. They wander with their wives and their children, stripped of every possession but that of the air and the light. To such men the common military exhortation, *to fight for the tombs of their fathers, and for the altars of their household gods*, is a mockery and a lie. They have no altars; they have no monuments. They fight and they die to augment the estates, and to pamper the luxury, of the few that are wealthy, and who have engrossed all the riches of the Commonwealth. As citizens of Rome, they are entitled the *masters of the world*, but possess not a foot of earth on which they may rest." This was a reminiscence of Roman and republican eloquence not to be heard in vain. How different from the thrasonical declamation, the pompous, inflated, vaporing, flashy, meretricious, boisterous elocution, of certain much vaunted whig orators, who mistake violence for strength, and rhapsody for rhetoric; whose language is solecism, whose thought paradox; whose energy is convulsion, whose ardor the desperation of the factious; whose enthusiasm is the exaggerated zeal of the renegade, whose strongest reason the *argumentum baculinum*; who "use daggers as well as speak them;" whose very fame is a libel upon the taste, the mind, the character of John Hampden the illustrious English country gentleman, (the unwilling testimony of an enemy, it must be recollected,) and not feel his spirit bow down before that master mind, "who was indeed a very wise man, and of great parts, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is the most absolute facilities to govern the people, &c." Here was a specimen, a model of a popular hero; in such company we may well brook the sneers and even retort the contempt of the *parvenus* of the Bank.

Sir, there have been republicans even upon the throne, and beneath the purple. Such was the great Alfred, the liberator, the reformer, the civilizer of his nation; who had learned in adversity to know, to sympathize with, and to respect his people. Such was Henry IV., of France, of whom the poet has nobly said, *Seul roi dont le peuple, a garde la mamotte*; whose mainly nature, frank spirit, simple habits, popular manners, and repugnance to mere form and ceremony; whose affectionate aspirations for

his people, and magnanimous declaration that he regarded himself as but the first gentleman of his kingdom; prove him to have been a man of truly republican stamp and temper. When the original manuscript of some of his letters to the great and virtuous minister, Sully, beginning merely with *mon ami*, and ending affectionately with *Je vous aime*, were shown me in the library of the King at Paris, I felt myself moved with a reverential awe for the memory of the royal republican, who, though upon his head the likeness of a kingly crown he wore 'had yet the moral grandeur, the sublime simplicity, to consider himself above all things else, a man, and to respect his common nature in the form of others, though sceptreless and unrenowned.

Mr. editor, this subject is too vast for a letter, too exciting for the pen. I am brought towards a close only by the fear of encroaching upon your columns, and trespassing upon the patience of your readers. Much yet remains unsaid. I could wish for time and space to combat the argument of our enemies, derived from the fact, that the efforts to transplant the principle of our free institutions to other soils, into France especially, and the now independent colonies of Spain, have not been successful. The infernal orgies, the sanguinary saturnalia, of a band of ruffians, half savage, half demon, with a tincture of the ape, who, breaking loose from the prisons of crime, and the dens of infamy, contrived in a moment of dismay and dissolution, to seize upon the helm of state, as a drunken crew, in a storm, sometimes usurps the command, and plunges the ship with themselves and their superiors into the watery abyss, must not be cited as an argument to me against liberty. Nor is it fair to allege the example of nations who, after a long night of the darkest superstition and slavery, are dazzled by the sudden brightness which breaks into their intellectual dungeon, are dizzied and intoxicated by copious draughts of freedom, to which they had been totally unaccustomed. I am not one of those who believe that liberty can be born in a day, or suddenly transplanted to a soil entirely new. I think more reverentially of freedom, and of those who enjoy its blessed privileges. A people must be republican in principle, in habit and in temper, before they are so in name; they must be morally prepared for the high vocation to which they are called; physical revolution should be the last stage and step of political emancipation. The old form must be worn out and exhausted until it is thrown off easily, and by a natural effort, as is the slough of the serpent in due time and season. Jeune and premature efforts at revolution, by attempting to accomplish too much and too rapidly, never fail to defeat their end, and only bring liberty into disrepute.

But whatever may be its fate or its capabilities elsewhere, freedom is already established among us, and with a success that has elicited equal wonder and admiration. Let us then cling to it with love, with faith, with hope, with pride, with religious awe and solemn reverence. Let us frown indignantly upon every hint, even that would call it in question, or insinuate a doubt of its sacred character. A great trust is reposed in us, as conservators for the world and posterity, of the sacred fire of liberty. If we are faithful to it, proud will be our satisfaction and great our reward. But if we betray or desert it, either through foreign submission, internal faction, or domestic corruption, curses and woes that language cannot utter, will light upon us and upon our children. Then will a star fall from Heaven, and the blackness of darkness spread over the land and over the sea. Then will the fair gardens and pleasant fields of freedom be turned into a dreary desert, a howling wilderness. Then will a voice of lamentation go forth through the nations, and sojourners in a strange and a changed land, we shall bitterly but vainly repent, in sackcloth and in ashes, the destruction of our own hands. Then will the sun of our glory be turned into blood, the stars of our escutcheon be blotted out from the firmament of heaven. Then will the eagle desert our violated standard, and wheeling through the sky, announce in hoarse vulture screams, to an afflicted world, the dark defeat, the dismal catastrophe.

Mr. Editor; I have addressed you a political sermon in the shape of a letter. I hope that you will not deem the work vain or supererogatory. I have long observed, with pain and with apprehension, the growth of the doubting spirit, the warning confidence of our high democratic hope. My heart was too full to permit me to say less. It is time that the alarm should be sounded, that a note of warning should ring through the land. O, that the extinct enthusiasm of our youth might this day be rekindled at the altar of patriotism; that, like our fathers, who have passed away, we might again, on this proud anniversary, pledge to each other, in the cause of freedom, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

AYEOMAN.

July 4, 1837.

The Specie Current.—Our New Orleans slips of the 21st inst. announce the arrival at that port, of two vessels from Tampico—the schooners Ringleader and Levin Jones—having on board nearly \$190,000 in specie. They brought information also that the great and long-expected conduct of two millions was on its way from the capital to Tampico; a large portion of the money was intended for New Orleans. No news from Mexico, all there being quiet.

As might be expected from the great and continual influx of silver in New Orleans, the article was becoming a drug there. From 25 it had fallen to 10 per cent. premium, and not in demand at that.

OXFORD HERALD.

Paris, August 8, 1837.

Democratic Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR.

GORMAN PARKS.

Oxford County Convention.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and organized Plantations of said County, are requested to send delegates to a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris on WEDNESDAY, THE SIXTH DAY OF AUGUST next, at eleven o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting Candidates to be supported for the Senate, and for County Treasurer at the ensuing September election.

Per order of the County Committee.

July 17, 1837.

THE ELECTION.

We do not know but that the defeat of the democratic candidate for Congress in Hancock & Washington, produced by divisions and local dissensions among our friends, may on the whole prove a fortunate event. Fortunately not in itself, but in the consequences to which it will lead. It will be truly so if it teaches us the necessity of union and energy, and then even strongest we may be defeated if personal and local considerations are permitted to outweigh our attachment to the principles which we hold dear, the cause we profess to support and the party to which we belong. It may—It should, and we trust it will serve to arouse the democratic party throughout the State, by making them aware of the possibility of defeat by supineness and divisions in our ranks. It will have another effect. It will arouse the dormant energies of our political opponents—they will spare no exertions to call out their whole strength and this will awaken the democracy of our County and State. For a year or two past our opponents have been so dispirited that they have despaired of success in open contest and they have sought it by fomenting divisions in the democratic ranks—by supporting whoever might be put up in opposition to the regular candidate of the democratic party, thus seeking to gain strength to them by sowing the seeds of dissension among us. Their efforts in this way were in our opinion more to be feared than in open attacks. We therefore are glad to see them aroused and organized as a party. Let the lines be distinctly drawn. Let the timid—the wavering and the unprincipled join the enemy. They belong there. We are strong enough without them—stronger than with them. They are not worthy of a place in our ranks. They act with us only when we are strong. If we needed their votes we could not have them. Their sympathies are with our opponents, and it were better for us that they acted with them openly. Mark such men and avoid them. Let them never be trusted, for they will be sure to betray when opportunity offers. To gain a triumphant victory we only ask for a full vote. But we must not be so confident of success as to neglect the means necessary to secure it. Victory belongs to the active and vigilant. If we slumber upon our posts the enemy will steal the march upon us they have done in Hancock & Washington. Let us wipe off that stain and show to the nation and the world that we are worthy of the principles we profess and the cause in which we are engaged.

Our opponents manifest an unwillingness to place the coming election on party grounds alone—they appear anxious to evade a comparison of the principles of the two rival candidates for Governor. They prefer dark insinuations and covert attacks upon the private character of our candidate. And even these we find not so much in their public papers as in the secret whispers of hired emissaries, who are patrolling the State to disseminate their foul slanders. The high-minded and honorable political opponents of Gorman Parks when appealed to, admit that there is no other objection to him than his politics. He is a democrat, and as such they are opposed to him. This is fair ground. Edward Kent is a federalist, or whig if you prefer it, and as such we oppose him. As affording proof of his political principles, and the feelings by which he is actuated we invite the attention of our readers to an article in this day's paper from the Eastern Republican, touching his conduct in relation to the Surplus Revenue. As Mayor of the city he recommended that its share should be applied to the payment of the city debt. This money belonged to the people, it was taken from them unnecessarily by the high tariff which our opponents are in favor of, not in proportion to their wealth but their numbers. The federal candidate for governor recommends that it should be applied to the payment of taxes, thus taking from the poor and giving to the rich. This is a fair specimen of whig principles. They would impose high duties upon all you eat, drink, or wear, thus imposing as high a tax upon the poor man as upon the rich, if he eats, drinks and wears as much, and more, if as the case generally is he has a large family, and then they would apply this money to pay the taxes, which belong principally to the rich. This is a fair illustration of the principles of modern whiggery. Let those who approve of such principles and would like to see them reduced to practice vote for Mr. Kent for Governor. Would you like to see a party in power entertaining such views of the rights of the people—vote for the whig candidates. They accuse us of misrepresenting them, and appealing to the worst passions of the people, of endeavoring to array the poor against the rich, when we tell the people that the tendency of whig measures is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Look at this illustration of their principles and then judge if we do them injustice. We ask only for equal rights and privileges. We envy not the rich man his lawfully acquired wealth. We say let it be protected and respected. We would earnestly deprecate and resist every attempt to invade his rights, but we ask in return the same protection for the poor and they will have it. The people understand their rights and they have the strength to maintain them. They will sustain those who sustain them.

In many parts of our County we learn that the wheat have been most destructive. Some entertain fears of the loss of their entire crop. In other places it seems to have escaped entirely. With this exception grain never looked better. The cold weather of last week leads us to anticipate an early frost, which if realized will cut off the little corn that was planted and ruin the potatoes. We hope for the best.

The news from Maryland appears to have checked the exuberant joy of the federalists occasioned by their triumph in Washington & Hancock. The great changes of public sentiment with which they were attempting to delude their followers would seem according to their own account not to be so extensive as they imagined. The truth is there is no change in the sentiments of the great mass of the people. They are democratic and no temporary cause can convert them to the principles of modern whiggery. They feel their strength and will make it felt. The contraction or expansion of bank issues

cannot shake the democracy of the country. It is true that so long as Banks are so numerous and possess such extensive powers as at present, they can injure the country and distress the farmer by alternately raising and depressing the price of articles which he has to sell, but this will be no inducement to him to increase that power which is already so injurious to him. It will rather arouse him to take from them the means of doing injury.

The Democratic County Convention assembles this week. In the selection of candidates we have no personal predilections to gratify. We have only to ask and expect from them in the name of the democratic party, that they will take none but those of tried and approved democratic principles—who will truly represent the feelings of the democracy of Oxford—who have never wavered nor been found wanting—men who are with us heart and soul in the great leading questions that now agitate the community. Let their sentiments be well understood.

The publisher reminds his subscribers that this number concludes the 4th Volume of the Democrat. To those who have promptly paid for their papers he tenders his thanks, and hopes that his past endeavors to render his sheet worthy of their continued support have not been entirely unavailing. To the much more numerous class who have never paid anything and to those who are years in the arrear, he would say that unless they are more prompt in redeeming the promise held out by their subscription, he must strike their names from his list or abandon his undertaking altogether. His paying subscribers, and the sums received for advertising are altogether inadequate to meet the expenses he is obliged almost daily to incur to keep his press in operation. He is aware that his paper might be much improved in its mechanical appearance, and he is anxious to do this, but it cannot be expected without the friends of the paper and the cause it supports are more liberal in their encouragement and prompt in their payments. He is reluctant to dun or complain, but it is a duty which he owes to himself and to his creditors to say that unless he can receive or be assured of a fair compensation for time employed and expenses necessarily incurred, he must seek elsewhere for that support which is here denied him. He will be happy to receive the names of new subscribers to commence a new Volume, and asks from his old subscribers payment of arrears that have long been due. These little sums due from great numbers would enable him to meet the just expectations of his readers and to answer the important demands of his creditors.

From the Eastern (Bangor) Republican.

LOOK AT THIS, FRIENDS OF JUSTICE AND EQUAL RIGHTS. The federal candidate for Governor, Edward Kent, stands at the head of the Bangor City Council, and is Mayor of the city.

In his address to the two boards at the organization last Spring, he recommended to the Council to dispose of the Surplus Revenue belonging equally to every man, woman and child, to pay the debts of the city, incurred for improving and bettering the freeholds and other property of the wealthy; thus compelling not only poor men, but poor women and children to contribute to the wealth of the rich. Agreeably to his advice and direction, and with his vote in the affirmative, the money was thus disposed of, and poor men, women and children were required to pay rich men's taxes, and contribute to the treasures of their children's inheritance.

This is not an exaggerated picture, but sober, solemn truth and condemning fact. Such conduct might well occasion surprise, were it not an exemplification by a consistent federalist, of the old Federal doctrine known to every one, to wit, "take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor." Can any friend of justice and equal rights, and to say common honesty, for one moment think of supporting a man for the responsible office of Governor, acting on such principles? No feature in the most odious oligarchy can be more revolting or deserving of more general repudiation and deeper execration. But this is not all.

After it had become known how the Council had voted to use the surplus money, forty citizens, ten more than was necessary by the charter, petitioned the Mayor (Mr. Kent) and Aldermen to call a meeting of the citizens to deliberate on the subject. But they refused to notify a meeting, planting themselves on the ground that they were neither the representatives nor servants of the people—of course could not be approached by way of advice or instruction. Wise and wonderful men! The Council with Mr. Kent at the helm of their ship, and at the head of the little clique of petty tyrants, further declared with much solemnity and ridiculous pomposity, that they had appropriated the money as HONEST MEN SHOULD; that is, taken it from the poor, and bestowed it upon the rich!

Look at these facts, fellow citizens, friends of justice, and opposers of misrule and tyranny, and then decide whether the man who has been faithless in a few things, shall be made ruler over many.

DEMOCRATS! ARE YOU AWAKE?

The enemy is secretly organizing in your midst. His late success in the Eastern Congressional District has emboldened him, and it has been imprudently proclaimed in the streets of a neighboring village that the same stratagem which has succeeded in a single district will succeed in a State!—that the democracy will be "caught napping." AWAKE AND ORGANIZE FOR THE CONTEST. The Traffickers are in the field. The merchants out of business and lawless lawyers congregate at the corners of the street, or assemble in less public places over their cups, to fabricate slanders and falsehoods for political effect. The eaves dropper at public houses, with the lie upon his tongue (which whenever openly avowed will be triumphantly refuted), is doing his dirty work. Emissaries from Boston have already been among us to contribute their quota to the weapons of federal warfare. Federal runners are abroad to stir up passion, mislead honesty, calumniate integrity, and lie down truth. Amid such exertions of the enemy let no Democrat be unwatchful or inactive. It is not the first battle that the democracy have had to fight with the money power, nor will it be the last. Our

appeal is to those only who have enlisted "during the war." If there be any timid man who fears bank persecution and federal abuse more than he prizes the principles he has professed, let him take fright at the "Fanny Wright" bugbears of the federal press, and withdraw from the ranks. He is not worthy to contend for so great a price as emancipation from the degrading yoke of the rag barons. Is there any in our ranks who prefers the interests of the banks to the claims of common justice, outraged honesty and the rights of the people, let him straightway become a whig "conservative," and fly to the banner of the monopolists. Mr. BRIDLE will need in this crisis all the conservators he can muster. Is there any who has an interest in the connection between the banks and the Government, paramount to the common interest which all have in the independence, efficiency and purity of the Government in the management of its financial concerns, let him also betake himself to the open arms of the opposition; for the administration is beyond doubt, in favor of a TOTAL AND SPEEDY DIVORCE OF THE GOVERNMENT FROM ALL CONNECTION WITH BANKS. In the contest for supremacy, thus opened anew, between the Government and the people on the one side and the banks and the traffickers on the other, the administration asks no one-sided or faint-hearted supporters. It can well dispense with all such innumerable; for their places will be better filled by men who can face the enemy and "stand fire." Revolutions like the present are the thunder-gusts which purify the political atmosphere, and restore men and things to their proper positions. The discontented, the timid and the selfish escape amid the uproar, but when the sky clears up and the battle commences, the party which they have abandoned is always found to have gained by their desertion. Thanks to the strength of our party in this State, we can afford to lose all such men, without destroying the ascendancy of democratic principles. We have but to go to the polls, and all will be well.—[The Age.]

THE TRAFFICKERS AGAINST THE FARMERS.

The federal paper at Hallowell, whose editor is unknown to the public, and therefore unrestrained in his articles by that regard for his own character which he might otherwise have, can scarcely conceal its exultation at the fall in the price of wool. We do not say that the editor, reckless of all truth and principle as he shows himself to be, is rejoiced at the fact merely that the wool-growers, owing to the bank frauds and suspension, cannot get a good price for their wool (though it would not be the first instance in which an editor's sympathy for the "manufacturing interest" had caused him to go to that length against the unprotected wool-growers)—but we say, and the tone of his articles amply sustains us in it, that connecting the fact as he does with his political aspirations and the vain hope that disaster will induce the farmers to desert the democratic standard without inquiring whether the administration or the banks are to blame, he does exult in their misfortunes, and desire that they may be doubled, quadrupled and multiplied, until the democratic yeomanry shall be driven from their integrity, and the supremacy of the bank oligarchy established beyond dispute. Hence the ardently constructed articles put forth, calculated at once to discourage the wool-growers, and still further depress the price by crying it down and misrepresenting the state of the market.—The same game has been played before. And for whose benefit? Who buys the wool at the low prices to which the Chronicle and the other organs of the monied interest cry it down? The monied men who have access to banks—the great manufacturing companies. To them, a political panic—a prostration of business (and the rag-factories which produce it are their allies) is a matter of regular and certain gain. They take advantage of the necessities of the farmer to filch from him his wool at their own price, and by holding on to it, pocket the difference between that and the highest price. This account for their enormous dividends. TWENTY FIVE PER CENT. a year, net profit, means something, and yet we hear that manufacturers are suspending operation! Does any one doubt the cause? Does any one fail to perceive that they do not stop, because they cannot make a fair living profit, but because by stopping, and through their organs crying down the price of wool, they can speculate, and make their twenty-five per cent? In 1834 they pursued the same course that they are pursuing now. Look at the enormous dividends which they immediately thereafter declared! These dividends come out of the pocket of the wool-growers and a similar attempt to make large dividends at their expense, is now in progress. We cannot contemplate without the deepest abhorrence the conduct of those presses which are so entirely bound up in the interests of the traffickers, as to take sides with them in such a contest.—It pains us to dwell upon it. But they ought to be exposed.

When in a former year we cautioned our patrons in the interior that there was a combination here to cry down the price of wool for political effect, and advised them to hold on until the manufacturers should be forced into paying them a fair price, the indignation which the traffickers poured out upon us knew no bounds. They denounced us as "interfering with private business," "endeavoring to derange the course of trade" &c. &c.—and their organs sent forth against us threats and maledictions without stint. But they did not silence us, then, nor will they now. The knowledge that our timely caution prevented many from sacrificing their wool at the price dictated by the purchasers, and enabled them in the end to secure a fair equivalent, was an abundant reward.—

To those who heeded our caution then, we again repeat it. Hold on to your wool, until it shall have ceased to be a political object to depress the price. Do so, even if it requires a little extra economy to accomplish it. The second Monday of September will put a stop to panic-making for political effect. The General Government is awake to the necessity of forcing upon the Banks an immediate resumption of specie payments. The candidates for office of the dominant party in this State are pledged to the same policy. Their exertions seconded by the great mass of the people who have a deep interest in the measure, will not be in vain. The Banks will be forced to resume ere long, and the reign of fraud will be speedily terminated, and with it, we hope, the power of the trafficking community to raise and depress the prices of the great staples of the country at will. To that period let all look forward. The men who, in times like these, would add panic to real embarrassment—who, instead of seeking earnestly a return to better times, and sustaining those measures which would produce it, endeavor to increase the embarrassment to desperation in the hope of turning it to political effect ought not to be trusted. They are the Catalines of the country, who, after upon others' necessities, and prosper only when others are in trouble.—[The Age.]

THE CASE REVERSED. The wool clip is in the hands of the farmers; and the price is very low—attributed by the traffickers to the scarcity of money and the prostration of credit. Now take another staple which is in the hands of the traffickers—the article of FLOUR. It still holds up to speculating prices. The scarcity of money—the prostration of credit—the suspension of the Banks have all occurred, but the price of flour has not fallen! The secret of it is that the traffickers have flour to sell, and want to buy wool. They keep the former up and crowd the latter down. Between them and the producers there is no community of interest. The former are eternally clamoring against the government, and persecuting the producers for the double purpose of increasing their own gains and extending their power of appropriating other men's earnings to their own use. The suspension of the banks itself is but a link in the chain of operations. They now control the banks and the currency, and they want to control the laws and the government also!—[The Age.]

From the Eastern Argus.

The following intelligence will be read with pleasure by EVERY DEMOCRAT. The victory in the city of Baltimore, where the federalists were sanguine of turning the pressure to political account, is GLORIOUS!—but the GAIN OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS in the third District is still more to be rejoiced at! The democracy have won this on a fair field by honest strength, and not—as the federalists did in Hancock and Washington)—through the division of their opponents! The inference is irresistible, that where local questions do not interfere, there is no diminution of the strength or activity of the democracy—nor any error of opinion in relation to the true cause of the distress which the federalists so recklessly charge to the measures of the administration. We hail this cheering "SIGN" in Maryland, as the precursor of other victories—as the hand-writing on the wall that tells of the continued prostration of federalism at the feet of the champions of the people's rights. THREE TIMES THREE FOR MARYLAND.

We feel peculiar pride at the continued success of democracy in the "Virgin City," as Baltimore is called at the south—in the only great city that has been uniformly democratic—the only city on the Atlantic coast into which the enemy, either in the last war or the war of the revolution, did not get their foot—the city that during the last war, when Boston and the northern federal cities were for treating for peace, fought the enemy off, and killed the famous Gen. Ross—and the city which has at the head of its Municipal government the veteran democrat and patriot, GEN. SAMUEL SMITH, a hero of the Revolution.

The example of the democracy of Maryland will not be thrown away on Maine—we shall rally here with the same fidelity and enthusiasm, and with the same success. Hancock and Washington will wipe off the stain which rests upon them and the whole state, with one accord, will respond to this noble victory.

Third District.—Baltimore County gives Elias Brown (W.) 939; Worthington, (V. B.) 848.—The American says there are no certain returns from Hartford County. But we presume it will turn out as stated by the Patriot (Whig paper) under our express head, that Worthington is elected.—*Jour. Com.*

Fourth District.—Messrs. Howard and McKim, (dem.) are elected by the following vote:—

| | Balt. City, | Annapolis, | Ann Arun's Town, |
|---|-------------|------------|------------------|
| Dem. C. Howard, V. B. | 6062 | 141 | 978 |
| John P. McKim, V. B. | 6031 | 144 | 869 |
| John P. Kennedy, W. | 5794 | 131 | 1027 |
| Chas. S. Tidgely, W. | 5732 | 127 | 1027 |
| Average democratic majority in the district, 251. | | | |

Fifth District.—Frederick County gives Anthony Kimmel (regular W.) 179; William Cost Johnson (independent W.) 369. Clarksburg in Montgomery County gives Kimmel 78 majority. The rest of Montgomery comprises the remainder of the district.

Sixth District.—In that portion of Frederick County which belongs to this district, Merrick (W.) has 435; Thomas, V. B. the late member, 350; Washington County, Merrick 257; Thomas 258. Thomas' majority thus far, 416. Allegany Co. to be heard from, which at the electoral canvass last Fall gave a whig majority of 221. There is no doubt of Thomas' election.

So far, then, of four members of whom is a be heard from turned in part in the last Congress.

Messrs. Tinsley and John Tinsley have been nominated—Boutelle and endorsed—E. A. gusto.—E. A.

YET LATER.

From the Argus. By the packet from Liverpool of June, we have been told. It contains very attendant upon the war.

Her majesty's singling place death; and was dard of his late the lord mayor. A privy council privy council. The members bishops, and afterwards sign.

The Queen to Lord Melbourne was issued. At the Court June, 1837. Her Majesty's lent majesty. Her Majesty's council, was pleased viz:—

The severer tion has sustain my beloved duty of advising empire. This upon me so much of my life, that pressed by the the hope that called me to to for the perform the purity of the public, we sources which age, and to lo

I place my Parliament, a of my people. vantage, that constant regard his subjects, a melioration of country, have general attach

Educated I enlightened of I have learned love the consti

It will be reformed relig at the same time religious liberty rights and pro the happiness subjects.

Whereupon their humble Majesty's in lordships mig jesty was ple

The Duke King of Han that part of t needed to Ke the morning, hoisted by the the first to t Queen his mi the 21st.—1 the populace morning, at t

Ver of St. J dropped here use the sign the fune the 6th of J was made; i chest and e

In the fl from the G cellor. It is brief allusion state of the session, com imposed up parliament ent to recoi tion by the

should be b business d sions. A also one of The san er house. The con dently as t from the symptoms tore in the ited them penetrato, of the ene is, the wh It was she did n any of th uncles.

It was observed at the first privy council she did not give any token of recognition to any of the persons assembled except her uncles.

The Staff is to be made of a stiff stick, as it is to give strength to the bow, and enable it to support the weight of the straw wheat the top should be as high as the lower end of the bow, in oats a little higher.

county, on the fifteenth day of January next, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

52 Copy, Attest—Levi Slowell, Register.

2. To fill all vacancies at the Board of Trustees.
3. To transact the ordinary and other necessary business.
WM. FRYE, Secretary
Bethel, July 25, 1837. 2w51

ISAAC PARK, Dept. Sheriff
Mexico, July 10th, 1837. 3w51

1—Staple in the snath. 2—Hole for staff. 3—Hole for small end of bow. 4—Staff. 5—Bow. 6—Large end of bow. 7—Where secured to the heel of the scythe. 8—Strings to prevent the grain from passing through. 9—Ring.

purporting to be the last will and testament of Samuel Harlow late of Turner in said county, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

Ordered,

That the said Samuel Harlow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the twenty second day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Clerk of the Court. *Attest,* Samuel. Register.

axes and all intervening charges.
LIBBEUS L. STOCKBRIDGE, Collector.
Byron, August 3d, 1837. 52

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss:
TAKEN on Execution, having been previously attached on the original writ, and will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder on Saturday the sixteenth day of September next at one o'clock P. M. at General D. Plummer's dwelling house in Madrid in said County of Oxford, all the right title and interest that said Oxford has by virtue of possession and improve-

ment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the seventeenth day of October next at ten o'clock

said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Watford within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirty-first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty seven.

EDWARD GLEY and LAURA LONGLEY, Administrators

of from Foxworth Swan's to north of the intersection of said route said town be discontinued. They feel confident a route can be shown far less expensive and much more convenient for the public than the one located as aforesaid.— Especially do they believe that as a substitute for the lower part of said route, a road should be located commencing near said Swan's—thence through the Willis valley, so called, in the best direction to said Flathead's, and they pray that the same may be located.

just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of eleven hundred and eighty eight dollars and forty cents and praying for a licence to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges?

52 Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.
THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned,
that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust
of Executor of the last will and testament of

MOSES HAMMOND,
HENRY R. PARSONS.

STATE OF MAINE.

OCTOBER 25.

100

they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
 Clerk August—Lemi Stannell, Registrar.

GEORGE STACY.
 52
 Porter, August 1, 1837.
EXECUTOR'S SALE.
 By virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for the

terested that the County Commissioners will meet at the house of Eleazer Dunham Jr. in Paris, on Monday the twenty-fifth day of September next at nine o'clock A.M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some

to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, the sum of thirteen hundred and thirty five dollars and a price for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered,

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.
THE undersigned having been duly appointed by the

Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause if any they have why the prayer of said petition should

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
 Cong. Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

small attend to the duty assigned us at the dwelling house of Bartlett Cushman in said Oxford on the first Monday of September and January next from one o'clock to 5

at public auction at the Inn of Simeon C. Graso in Mexico on Saturday the 26th day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, all the right, title, and

1

county, on the fifteenth day of January next, in the year of the
length in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the
ear, should not be allowed.

52 STEPHEN EMERY, Judge
Copy, Attest—Levi Slowell, Register.

2. To fill all vacancies at the Board of Trustees.
3. To transact the ordinary and other necessary business.
WM. FRYE, Secretary
Bethel, July 25, 1837. 2w51

ISAAC PARK, Dept. Sheriff
Mexico, July 10th, 1837. 3w51

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